



Willy's Rare and Willy's Fair.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blither twain you cou'd na see,
All beauty without art.

C H O R U S.

Willy's rare and Willy's fair.
And Willy's wond'rous bonny,
And Willy says he'll marry me,
Gin ere he'll marry o-ny.

O came you by yon water side,
Pull'd you the roe or lilly,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

Willy's rare and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er iika field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.

Willy's rare and Willy's fair, &c.

